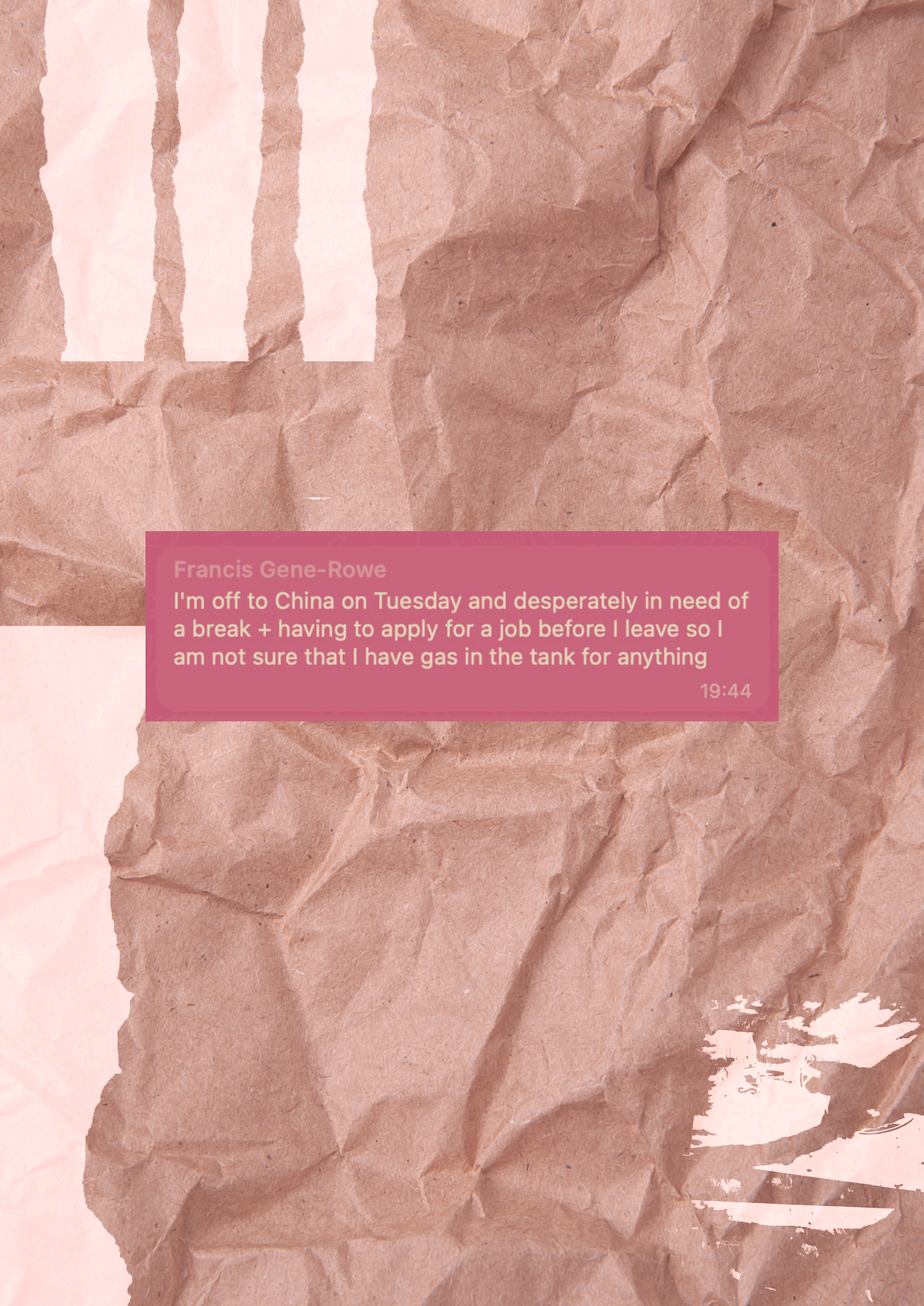


GAS IN THE TANK



tailpipe #1 and tailpipe #2



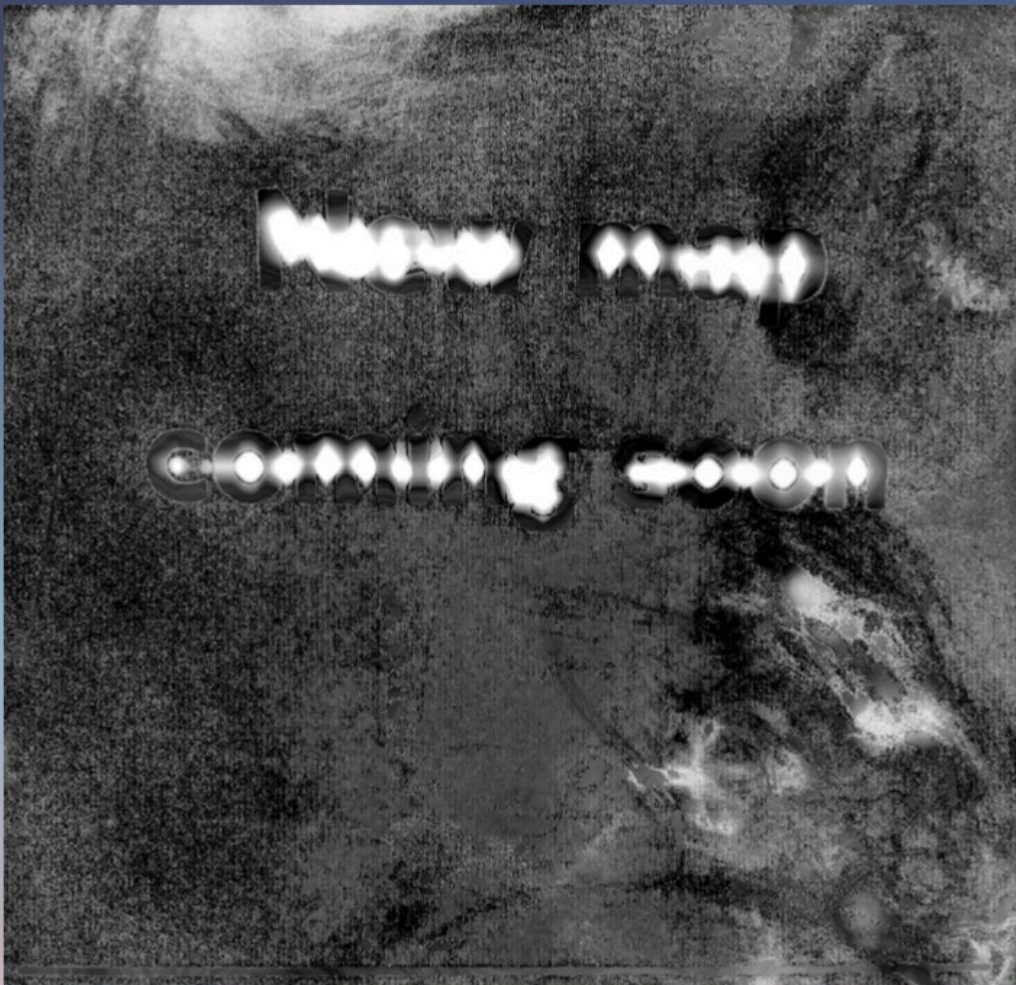
Francis Gene-Rowe

I'm off to China on Tuesday and desperately in need of a break + having to apply for a job before I leave so I am not sure that I have gas in the tank for anything

19:44

No gas in the tank
Means there's no gas
In the tank
No tank
No gas
No in
No the
No gas to fuel
Fractured animal skulls
Gears and levers
And finite trade wars
On an infinite plane of
Slop and
Spectral growth
Resurrected
Whale bones
Stuffed into circuitry
After the minerals run out

I've been building
Carefully
An I that is
Made of clockwork
And well-oiled gears
And taut rubber
It turns sawdust
I mean I turn sawdust
Into a still-functioning
Gearbox
So that
Should the tank
Ever be filled with
Gas
It will not know
What to do
With
Itself





NOW WE'RE
SUUCKING
DIESEL*!

• now things
are picking up
speed again,
we're back
on track

STEALING . . .



GAS
IN
THE
TANK .

Woman's

human survival—

—when the engine stuttered, it
meant the tank was empty,



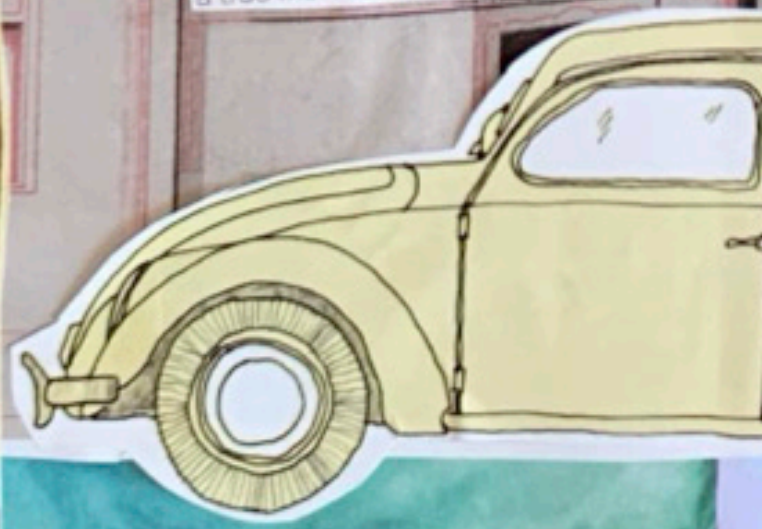
Rethinking Cultivating Resilience

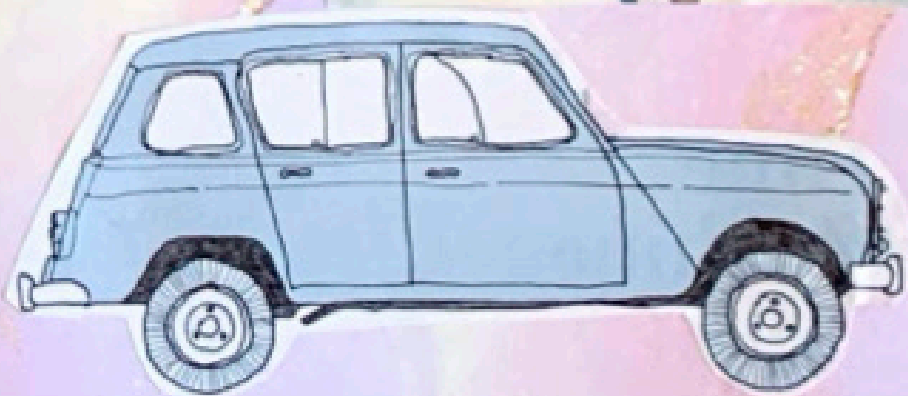
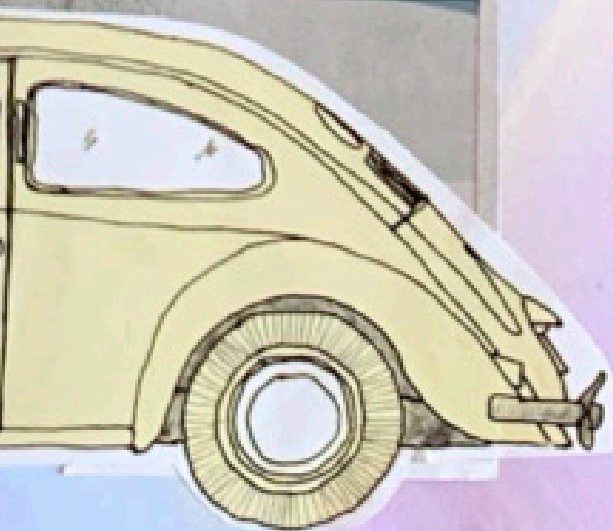
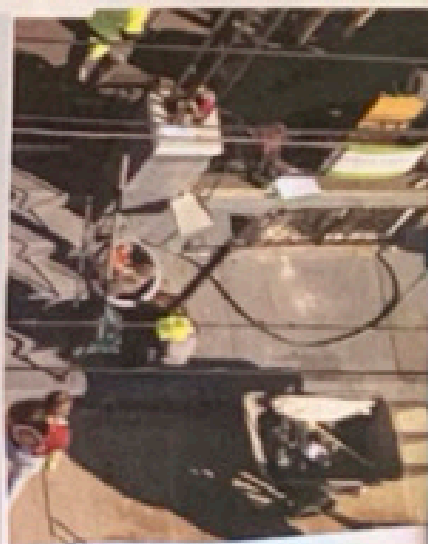
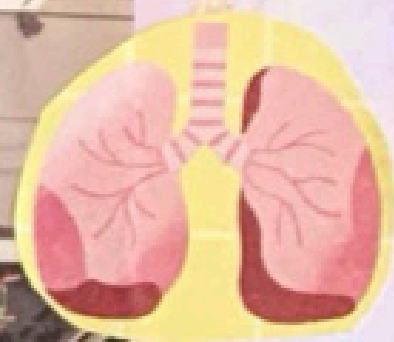
Using cutting-edge tech.

in the Battle Against

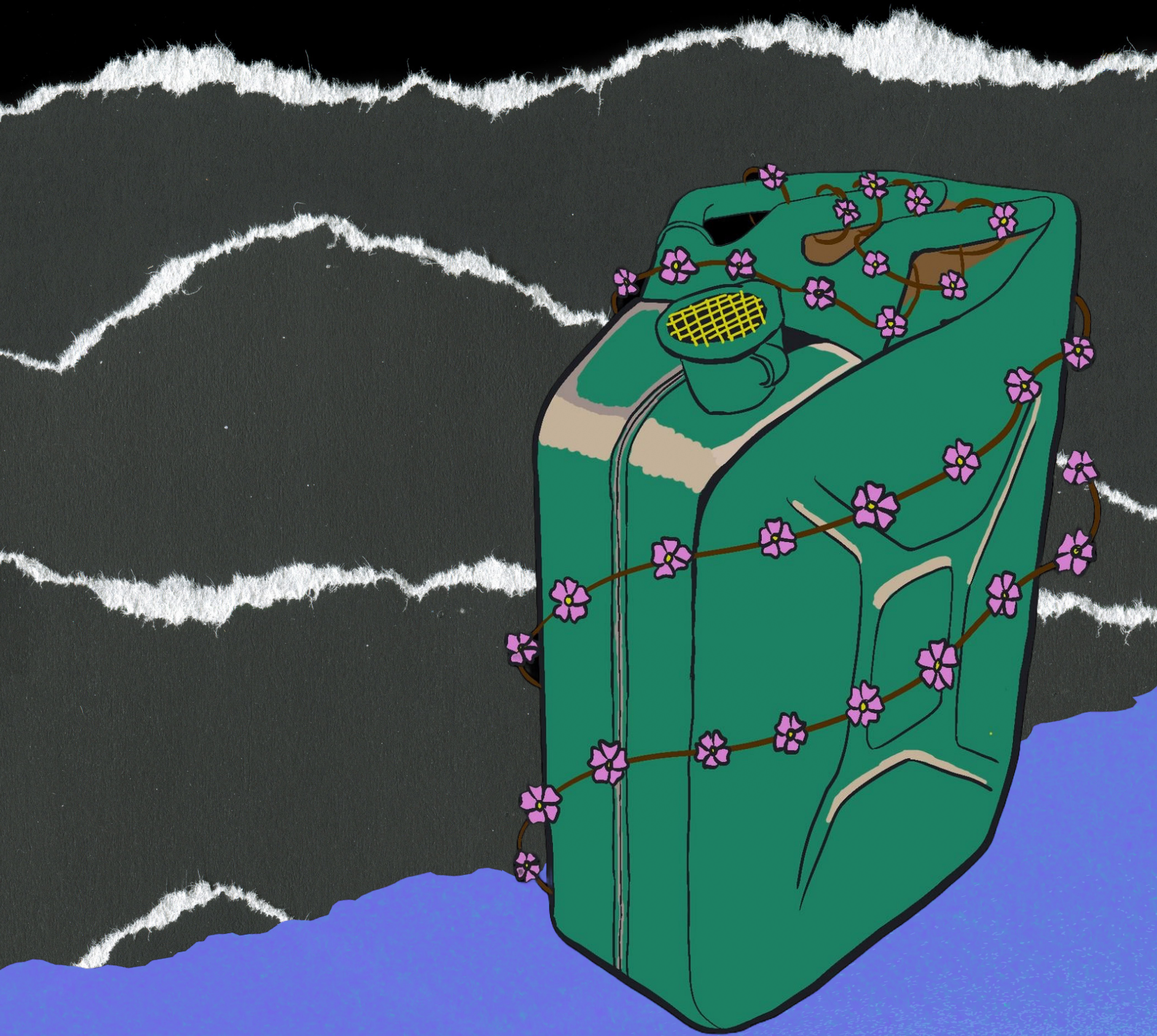
climate change

a true friend really is the best possession





And, after all, my car's
godfather was Adolf Hitler himself.



**This zine was produced by the co-directorate of the
London Science Fiction Research Community (Francis
Gene-Rowe, Cristina Diamant, Yen Ooi, Nora Castle, Myriam
Cherif, Megen de Bruin-Molé) between 4 and 11 April 2025,
over 4 countries, 3 timezones, 2 continents, 1 theme**

Layout by Megen de Bruin-Molé

Please print on recycled paper

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